

Little Toy

Train



RAND McNALLY JUNIOR ELF BOOK

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Little Toy Train



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Illustrated by Dean Bryant

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Established 1856

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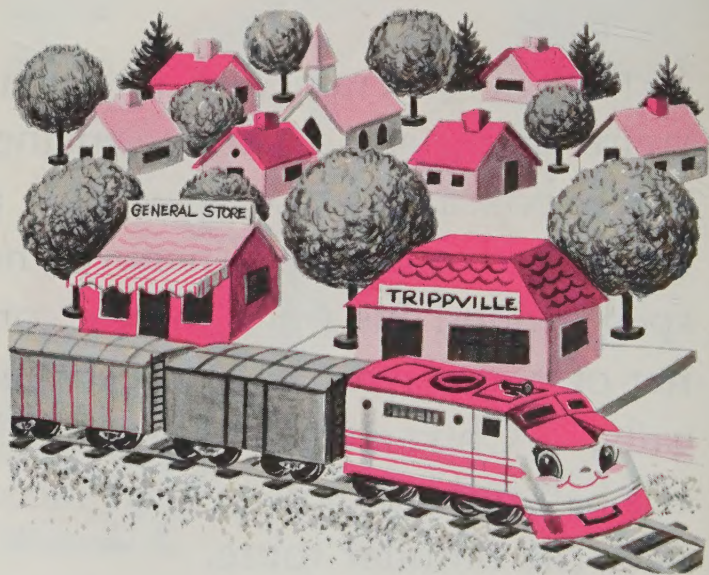




LITTLE Toy Train was a freight train. He had a shiny engine, three boxcars, a coal car, and a bright red caboose. Whenever he sped around his track in one corner of the playroom he called out gaily, "Chug-chug! Chug-chug!" His bell tinkled merrily as he raced over the familiar route.

First, there was the tiny village with its train station and stores, its houses and trees and church.

Then, there was the high hill that he chugged up ever so slowly, but whizzed down, lickity-split!

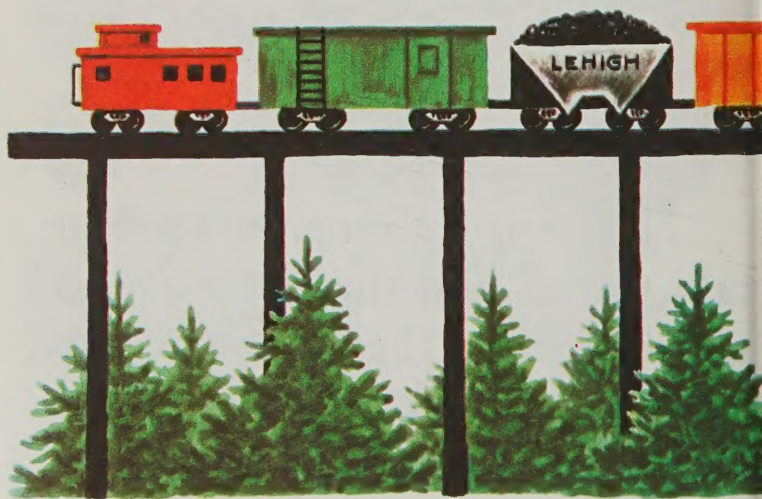




Next was the long, dark mountain tunnel and the trestle bridge which spanned the glassy blue lake. And he was back at the village station.

One day, after many trips around the track, Little Toy Train said sadly,

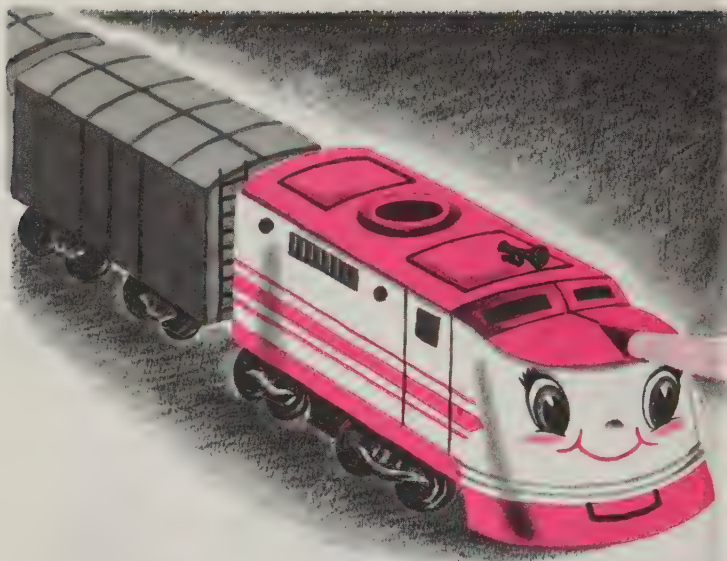
“It’s always the same. Every time I chug up the hill, I whiz down it. Every time I whiz down the hill,



I go through the tunnel. Every time I come out of the tunnel, I cross the bridge. Then I'm here again at the station! I wish I could do something different, just once!"

His wish did not come true —





at least not then. One night, however, when everything was quiet, Little Toy Train discovered that someone had taken him off his track and had forgotten to put him back. Moonlight glistened



through the windows, so he could see his village, but he did not know how to get there. He tried to move.

“Chug-chug! Chug-chug!” he said slowly.

Then he said it faster —“Chug-chug! Chug-chug!”

Little Toy Train began to move. His silvery wheels went round and round. His headlight blinked on and off like a firefly. His bell tinkled merrily.

“I can move without my track!”





he said happily. "Now I can do something different!"

"Chug-chug! Chug-chug!" he said as he went round the wheels of a tricycle.

Suddenly his light went off, and he bumped into something soft.



“Ouch!” someone cried. “Do look where you are going, Little Toy Train!”

Little Toy Train’s headlight blinked on again. He saw that he had bumped into Teddy Bear.

"I'm so sorry," he said. "My light doesn't work well when I'm off my track doing something different. Please excuse me."

"That's all right," said Teddy Bear. "You didn't really hurt me. Have fun, Little Toy Train."



Little Toy Train chugged along in front of Teddy Bear and the other toys sitting beside him — Baby Doll, Rocking Horse, Furry Kitten, Cowboy, and Plush Dog. They all smiled at him.





“You seem to be having lots of fun, Little Toy Train,” said Cowboy.

“Indeed I am!” he answered.
“I’m doing something different!”

“How about giving me a ride?”



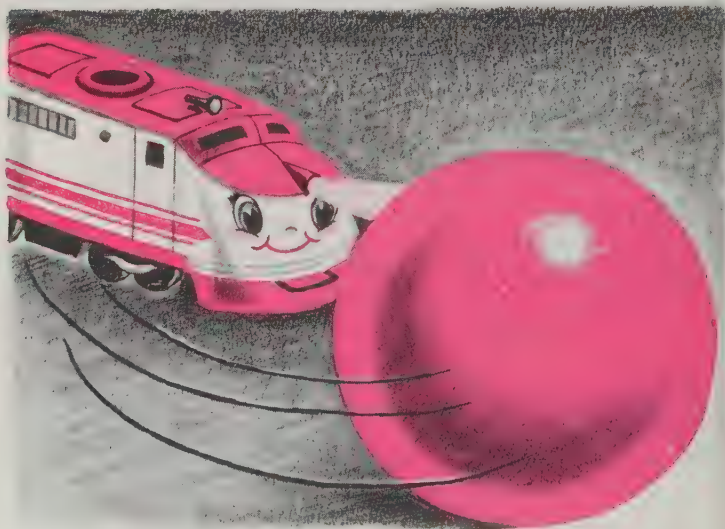
asked Cowboy. "I'll sit on top of your caboose and pretend I'm riding a horse."

"Go right ahead," said Little Toy Train.

With Cowboy on his caboose, Little Toy Train raced across the floor. Suddenly there was a big round object right in front of him — a red rubber ball. He knew he



would never be able to stop in time to avoid an accident. But when he crashed into the ball, a very funny thing happened. The ball just rolled away. It was so funny that Little Toy Train did it again and again.





“This is more fun than bronco-busting!” exclaimed Cowboy.

When Little Toy Train rammed into the ball again, Cowboy laughed so hard he fell off the caboose. He decided that he had enough riding, so Little Toy Train went on alone.



He chugged past some toy soldiers and a drum, past a doll house and an airplane. He was enjoying himself so much that he did not realize his headlight was out again.

He did not realize it until he discovered he could see nothing at all. Even the moonlight was gone. He had zoomed into a toy tent.

"I'm lost!" he said. He went round and round trying to find a

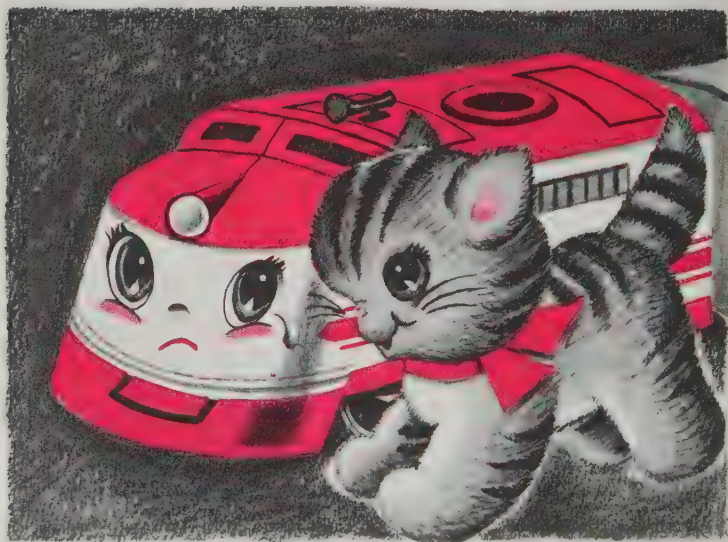


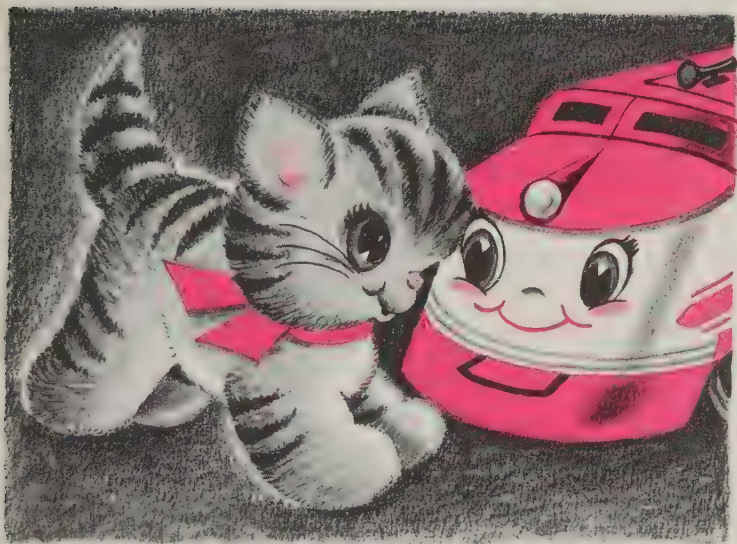
way out, but without a light, it was impossible to see anything.

“Help! Help!” he called.

Something rubbed against him. It frightened him.

“Help! Help!” he called again.





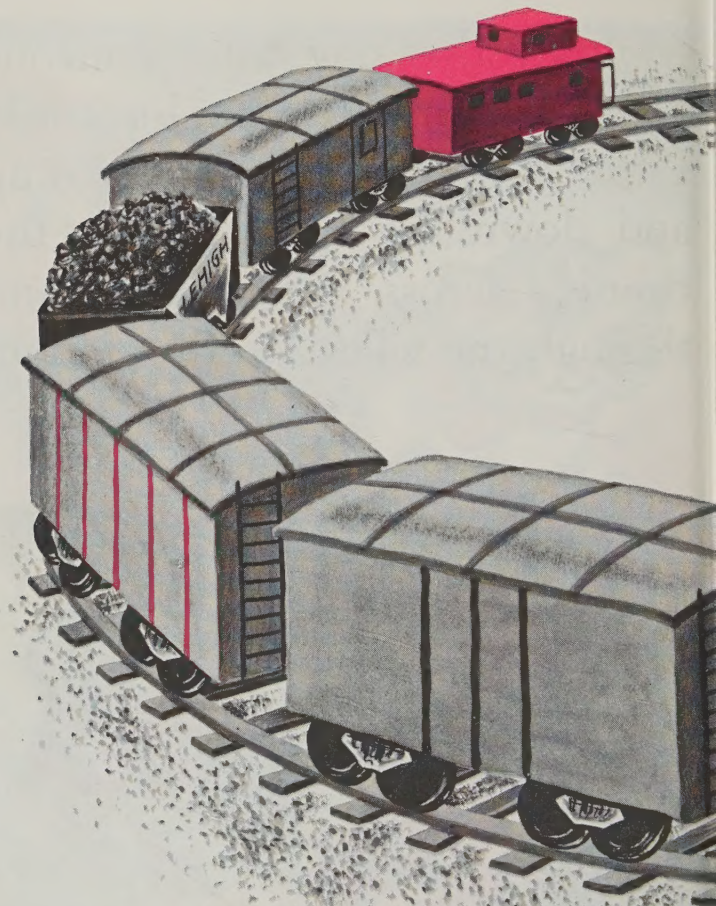
“Don’t be scared, Little Toy Train. I’m Furry Kitten. With my green eyes I can see in the dark. I’ll help you. Let me hook my tail in your cow-catcher, and I’ll pull you out!”



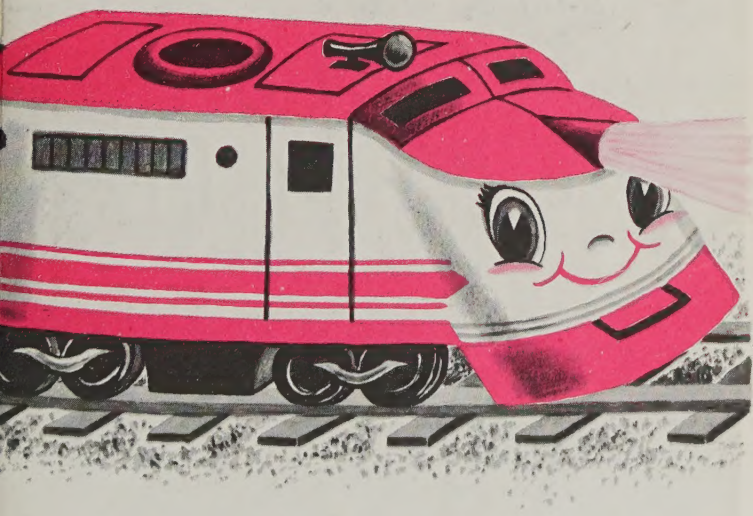
And sure enough, Furry Kitten did exactly that. He pulled Little Toy Train back to the very spot where his night's adventure had started.

Later that day, after someone had put him back on his track, Little Toy Train again chugged up and down the hill, through the tunnel, across the bridge, and through the village to the station.





Now his bell tinkled more merrily and his “Chug-chug! Chug-chug!” sounded happier than it ever had before. Little Toy Train had had his wish come true — he had done something different!





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